

The Evening World.

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FARTHER THAN THE WILHELMSTRASSE.

THE more the country studies the President's brief communication to the Imperial German Chancellor the more it perceives the irresistible force with which the President's questions jam the Imperial German Government against the wall.

Americans who would have had the only answer to Prince Maximilian of the swift-and-from-the-shoulder order begin to see how much more telling in its effect must be the position into which, with one quick move, the President has brought those who profess to speak for Germany.

With the actual communication from the President of the United States on record, the present rulers of Germany will have to give up hope of persuading the German people that German peace offers are summarily and savagely rejected by Germany's enemies bent on her destruction.

The President in three lines contrives to thrust aside the Imperial German Government and convey what amounts to an invitation to the German people to declare who represents them and their attitude toward peace.

Pressure from within the German nation has produced recent changes in the Imperial Government. The new Imperial Chancellor, Prince Maximilian of Baden, has harped dutifully on the new string twanged by the Kaiser when he declared amid the ominous rumblings of defeat that "the German people shall co-operate more effectively than hitherto in deciding the fate of the fatherland."

But does this hasty strumming of liberal tunes by perturbed Junkerdom measure the full change in the attitude of a majority of the German people toward the policies of the war party?

If the war lord's trustiest argument—that the Allies are determined to tear Germany to pieces—is discovered to be only a manufactured menace, what will be the effect of the discovery on many of those who are now promised more influence than hitherto "in deciding the fate of the fatherland"?

The President's questions addressed to the Imperial German Chancellor carry farther than the Wilhelmstrasse.

They go on to penetrate the skulls of millions of Germans who have got to make up their minds whether the fate of the fatherland is to be settled upon their shoulders only that they may carry to the end the remnants of a dynasty that civilization has sworn to destroy.

If a majority of the German people still declare for Hohenzollernism, militarism and "the constituted authorities of the Empire who have so far conducted the war," then the course of the United States and the nations with which it is associated in the war against Germany is clear:

Germany, as a nation, must be hammered until its last resistance is broken, until its soil is trampled and its cities taken, until its armies are annihilated or surrendered.

If militarism in Germany is not to be ground to pieces between Allied pressure from without and the force of a growing spirit of enlightened German democracy fighting within, then militarism in Germany will have to be crushed by Allied pressure alone—and as much of Germany crushed with it as may prove necessary for a thorough and final job.

The President's questions are like so many searchlights flashed across the German frontier to clear up the last obscurity as to exactly who it is that makes German peace proposals, in whose name they are made and with what faith they may be taken.

Backed up against the wall, the Imperial German Government can find no shadow in which to conceal its hand.

And in the same light of truth the German people must face the future and make their choice.

It was an observation of Bismarck's that one should be polite to a man even if you were going to hang him. The President was certainly polite.

Letters From the People

Bank Took Interest Coupons From Bond.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it fair for the banks to make a charge for handling Liberty Bonds when bought on installment plan? I subscribed to second and third issues through my employers, who in turn dealt with their bank. I received the bond for the second issue and find that the first and second interest coupons have been detached. My understanding was that the banks of the country were handling these bonds free of charge.
M. M.
Says Fuel Commissioners Wouldn't Deliver to Coal Shippers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Your recent exposure of the coal corporations in their greed for high prices prompts me to quote the following facts:
During last January, due to a case of sickness, I was sent by the so-called Fuel Commissioner of Brooklyn to a certain coal company for one ton of coal, and they immediately told me point blank that they would not deliver it. My appeals to the Fuel Commissioner brought me naught. Each time I made my complaint to the Commissioner he told me to see the coal company again. I did and the result was they insisted they would not, and they did not, deliver the coal. I finally stepped through in April, at which time I secured a ton of coal independent of the Commissioner.
For the present winter I was assigned in June, to another coal company in the Borough Park section of Brooklyn and they told me they could not care for me until about January. Upon asking the Fuel Commissioner to see if he could do anything to hasten delivery I was shamefully abused by his clerks.
It may be of interest to you to know that a certain coal dealer in the neighborhood of Fort Hamilton Avenue and 60th Street has another retail dealer in the same neighborhood will sell a ton of coal to anybody for \$15. My experience with the Fuel Commissioner has been that I have been pushed back on the coal company's books in preference to their own customers.
INDIGNANT TAXPAYER.

Hits From Sharp Wits

We don't run across many ads like this: "Wanted—A job; object, work."—Toledo Blade.
This being war time, we are finding out what a difference there is between a man and a woman.
Every woman has an idea that her husband would not have amounted to much if she had refused him.—Chicago News.
Blessed is the man who invented the automobile.—Toledo Blade.

Answer Yes or No!

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By J. H. Cassel



The Blind Merchant

By Sophie Irene Loeb

SOME time ago I wrote an article in these columns about a very useful blind man. Many letters have come to me setting forth similar cases. Also I have heard many fine stories from the workers from the workers who are now preparing to take care of the blind soldiers when the boys come home.
A most interesting citation of how efficient the blind may become with public co-operation is set forth in a letter from a woman on Long Island. She says:
"When twelve years of age I was clerk for a blind man who kept a grocery store in a small country village. He waited on customers when he had the time, but his amazing work was that of 'going on the road.' He went through at least two villages—first on foot, later by wagon, being driven by myself when I worked for him and by others when I did not.
"He went from the wagon to the gate opening into his customer's yard and on to the house about as well as if he had had his sight. When he went about for orders he memorized each person's order (sometimes two hundred) and upon his return dictated them accurately to a clerk.
"He would never allow others to pack his boxes for wagon delivery, and no one could pack as well as he.
"He took in the cash payments for party in the Borough Park section of Brooklyn and they told me they could not care for me until about January. Upon asking the Fuel Commissioner to see if he could do anything to hasten delivery I was shamefully abused by his clerks.
"It may be of interest to you to know that a certain coal dealer in the neighborhood of Fort Hamilton Avenue and 60th Street has another retail dealer in the same neighborhood will sell a ton of coal to anybody for \$15. My experience with the Fuel Commissioner has been that I have been pushed back on the coal company's books in preference to their own customers.
INDIGNANT TAXPAYER.

Big Coal Elevator Holds 3,000 Tons

IN a large mid-western industrial city a 3,000-ton anthracite coal elevator, composed of a series of cylindrical steel bins approximately 160 feet in height, has been erected. The loading equipment, consisting of a bucket conveyor which hoists coal from cars to a travelling belt that extends lengthwise across the tops of the bins, has a capacity of forty tons an hour, including the time spent in switching the rolling stock into position. By means of a series of gates the coal is discharged into whatever bin is desired, and its fall broken by a series of staggered ledges.—Popular Mechanics.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"LOOK here," said Gus. "What is it you say when a fellow ain't got no—what is it you call it that is what you want and can't get because you wish you had it, but it means a lot of hard work?"
"I don't quite comprehend your communique," remarked the puzzled Mr. Jarr.
"Well, Elmer ain't got it," Gus went on. "I know what it is that he ain't got, but I can't remember, but it means you wish to be a feller what could rob a bank and wouldn't get caught at it."
"Ah, perhaps you mean ambition?" replied Mr. Jarr.
"That's the very words!" said Gus. "I knew I'd remember what it was as soon as you told me. Besides not having any ambition, Elmer ain't got no sense, and he ain't got no money. And what good will it do him that he works hard in the army or navy when he ain't got no ambition?"
"I'll bet I'm one of the smartest men in the world," added Gus, complacently. "Look, even if my liquor store has to go out of business, I got a long lease, and it is on a corner, ain't it? And Muller, the grocer, wants to move to a corner store."
"You were wise to get a long lease, Gus," remarked Mr. Jarr. "Very wise."
"Sure, the things I think what I can't speak out would astonish people," Gus continued. "And some days I can go for hours at a time and never think at all—not think anything. That rests my brain. But Elmer, he wouldn't even study to be a sea captain."
"Too bad," murmured Mr. Jarr. "Too bad."
"By golly! It makes you mad to think the chance that fellow had to be a sea captain," Gus went on. "and it would only cost him a dollar a week to write letters to the Navigation-by-Mail College in Denver, which is a fine town way down West."
"Elmer certainly should have kept up his mail order navigation and nautical course," Mr. Jarr agreed. "Suppose when he's taken in the draft he should be assigned to the navy?"
"Well, it's his business," said Gus. "There's two things to do. Do a lot of hard work and don't get paid for it, and be a boob, or don't do any work at all and get along better as a bum."
This last remark may have been occasioned by Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston, who entered at this moment.
"Salutaria, salutaria!" cried Mr. Dinkston gaily.
"You'll take a straight drink or none at all. You ain't got long to have a choice, anyway," replied Gus. "And I want to see your money first."
"Service is more mete than money," replied Mr. Dinkston.
"I gotter ideal!" said Gus suddenly. "Here's a feller, this Dinkston, what knows everything, but won't work. And here's Elmer what will work and knows nothing. Suppose then, Dinkston he writes them sums about putting the compass in a box and taking the attitude of the sun with a sextant that gives Elmer a headache when he started studying navigation?"
"Boxing the compass and taking the attitude of the sun with a sextant," corrected Mr. Dinkston.
"That's it!" said Gus, excitedly. "But why should Elmer be a captain so easy? Ain't I the boss? Let Elmer be a sea sergeant or roundsman or something like that, and I'll be the captain! Hey, you, Dinkston, you write the bookkeeping things and I'll wear the uniform."
"The laborer is worthy of his hire, the scholar of his compensation," suggested Mr. Dinkston. "A stoup of your best Falarian, landlory!"
Gus was not versed in the classics, but a significant gesture, indicative of the assuaging of thirst, accompanied Mr. Dinkston's words. And Gus served the poet and philosopher with a glass of beer, remarking as he did so that he was glad of brewing being stopped shortly, as then he wouldn't have any to serve bums.
"I want to be a captain, and you've got to learn me how," explained Gus. "I've been thinking that it ain't no use for me to be a sea captain. So I'll be a land captain. If I am a water captain I'd have to buy another motion boat to push out in the ocean on, to boss people. And once is enough for me. I had a motion boat once—I'll be a land captain!"
"You'll have to start with the base drum," said Mr. Dinkston. "Have you an ear for music?"
"I can play a drum now. I done it already," said Gus. "But what kind of land captain plays a drum?"
"A Salvation Army Captain," said Mr. Dinkston.
And he slipped out without paying, waving in the Pennsylvania companies.

Women in War

By Albert Payson Tunc

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No. 32—MARGARET DRAFFEN, Civil Heroine.

BRAGG'S Kentucky campaign at its height. The time was October, 1862. Civil War had been raging, with alternate success for nearly eighteen months.
The Union General, Sill, advancing toward Lawrenceburg, Ky. Incident (though he had no means of knowing it), he was warring into a Confederate trap.
Kentucky was a borderland of divided loyalty. It was also a keystone States possession would have meant everything to the South.
Hence every move by either of the hostile powers was of vital import. Col. Richard T. Jacob was in command of the Kentucky (Union) Cavalry, which was moving in advance of Sill's body. On the morning of Oct. 8 his regiment was so far ahead of the march to Lawrenceburg that he halted it until the rest could come up.
While the regiment was at a standstill a young galloped down the road from Lawrenceville checked her horse at the Colonel's side.
She was Miss Margaret Draffen, whose father—Major John Draffen of Anderson County, Kentucky—was an old friend of Jacob's.
"Col. Jacob," exclaimed girl in great excitement, "I have very important and vital news for I gained it from a Confederate officer who called on me, last evening who believes my sympathies are all with the South. I started from at dawn, knowing I should have a fifteen-mile ride before I could to meet you. I am sorry to find you so near to Lawrenceburg."
"Why are you sorry?" asked the puzzled Col.
"Because," she made answer, "the Confederates, Kirby Smith, is waiting for you ahead with 30,000 men and six pieces of artillery. He has arranged his forces so as to take you with come up."
Miss Draffen was hurried to Gen. Sill, to whom repeated her tale. The Union Army across sheered off the danger line and was saved the clever snare.
Col. Jacob, in common on the campaign in later years, declared:
"But for Miss Draffen's information we should have gone on and my would have been defeated. With Sill's army destroyed, Kirby Smith have joined Bragg at Perryville and probably have overcome Gen. B."
"Kentucky might have been lost to the Union the whole Union cause, indirectly, might have been imperiled. All noble and patriotic friend, Miss Draffen, thwarted."
Margaret Draffen, by the way, at the war's carried a Confederate captain named Harney. In Kentucky there has been an unprovable rumor that Harney was the Confederate officer whom she learned of the trap set for Sill's army.
For more than half a century thereafter Mrs. Draffen lived on in the State she had helped so gallantly to save for the.
During a G. A. R. encampment at Louisville before her death, the story of her exploit was retold; and, in respect of her prowess, she was unanimously elected an honorary member of great local G. A. R. post.

Bachelor Girl Rections

By Helen Rowd

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DREAMS any sweet young thing remember when the most fascinating "hero" her imagination could conjure was the dashing "cowboy" of the movie-dramas?

No normal woman yearns for the downward path; but there are times when she gets awfully tired of climbing the golden stair to reach a man's "ideal."

A man could accomplish more in the course of the day if he didn't spend so much time trying to APPEAR to sing.

No, dearie, a married man's a bit more attractive than a spinster; she seems more attractive to a man—because she is somebody else.

Just now the country is full of dazed and bachelors, between thirty-one and forty-five, who can scarcely recall their astonishment at the discovery that, for once, they are "exempt" from all responsibility.

A man makes a virtue of a necessity when he himself on being perfectly devoted to a wife who is so watchful never gets a chance to be anything else.

A reformed rake may make a "good husband," he seldom makes a comfortable one to live with. His moral stands too awfully high.

If this war had done nothing else for us, taught us how to pronounce more useful words than we ever existed. How on earth DID we ever get along without "camouflaged" "schrecklichkeit" and "barrage," for instance?

Marrying a man merely means being clad his safety-rasor and his breakfast-bacon. Instead of with his own coffee and his favorite liqueur.

Woman's love—a mirror in which a man himself glorified, magnified and deified.

U. S. Army Hat Style Change With Every

IN our past wars there were no such things as flying shrapnel, or aeroplanes that dropped darts of steel on the soldiers below, so American soldiers wore ordinary army hats. But modern warfare has made it necessary that soldiers wear helmets of steel.
In the Revolutionary War our soldiers' hats were of many designs. One of the most common was the "cocked" hat, made of black or brown felt and turned up on the sides to form three corners. The Virginia riflemen wore brown felt hats with one side turned up and the Maryland riflemen brown fur-trimmed hats.
The hat generally worn by the New York rangers or riflemen was of black felt, cap shaped, turned up in front, with a plume. Sometimes words were marked on the front, such as "Liberty," "Death," or "Light Horse" of Philadelphia were sportsmen's caps, ornamented with buck's tails.
Hats worn by the First Government Foot Guards of Connecticut were closely modeled after those of the British Grenadiers. They were of black fur, cap shaped, with a plume of yellow felt in front. On the sides they were decorated with a red plume. They were in the Pennsylvania companies helmet.